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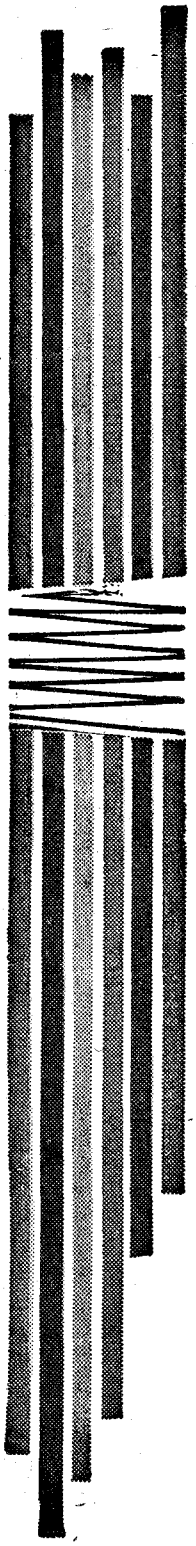

Russian Problems and American Politics

Isaac Deutscher

Harlem

The Ghetto Ignites

Woody Klein

Tennessee

Students Get the Vote Out

R. V. Denenberg

Stephen Crane: The War Journals

A Review by Arno Karlen

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LETTERS

Law and the child

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Roul Tunley's title, "Do We Hate Our Children?" (*The Nation*, July 13) seems somewhat too deliberately provocative. Of course, we do not. Laws dealing with the juvenile delinquent are beyond question motivated by a . . . desire to avoid placing the child under the rigors of a criminal trial and the stigma of criminal guilt. . . .

Your readers will be interested to know that the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges is seriously concerned with the matter of representation in court of children charged with delinquency. Last February we conducted a national conference on the role of the lawyer in juvenile court. Presently, we are preparing a demonstration project designed to test out the hypotheses put forth at that conference. . . .

The National Council of Juvenile Court Judges is constantly working to improve the administration of justice for our youth. Considering the generally low status and low pay enjoyed by the juvenile court bench, plus the fact that upwards of 25 per cent of those judges now sitting in juvenile sessions are not law-trained, this is no simple task. We welcome the support of all who believe, as we do, that the future of this nation rests on the shoulders of today's youth.

Charles W. Tenney, Jr.,
Associate Director,
National Council of
Juvenile Court Judges

Place for emotion

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: How baffling to find in a progressive journal like *The Nation* (July 13), an article by the editors (SOS—Fourth Year) underestimating and denigrating the power of women in the work for peace. While they deplore the barren brilliance of the Scientists on Survival Conference held in New York June 19-21, the editors state that, "women carrying babies in demonstrations are apt to be *long on emotion.*"

If these editorial writers had had an opportunity to read the Women Strike for Peace publications on disarmament, on Germany, on Vietnam, on the various issues of our atomic age, they would not have used such a dubious phrase. . . . We feel no need to apologize for having emotions, since these have had the driving force of stimulating action instead of merely lucubrating.

Blanche H. Posner

Black and white

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of my book, "Crisis in Black and White," (*The Nation*, June 29), Martin Mayer objects that I share "the naive American hope that the whole ball of wax can be melted away in the heat of moral regeneration," and that "when the chips are down (Silberman) bets on morality." Surely Mayer got as far as page 10, on which I . . . argue that "It will take more than an appeal to the American conscience . . . to solve 'the Negro problem,'"—that in fact "nothing less than a radical reconstruction of American society is required. . . . The bulk of the book, moreover, develops the argument that no reconstruction of American society . . . can occur unless Negroes mobilize and use the power that is implicitly theirs. . . .

Mr. Mayer's snide observation that (Silberman) "hopes business will pick up the burden . . ." implies that I limit myself to some pious and naive expression of faith that Business Will Solve All. The fact (which Mr. Mayer could have discovered had he read pp. 237-248) is that my discussion of the role of business is concerned entirely with the politics of the problem, i.e., the ways in which Negro activists can force business to respond to their legitimate demands.

Charles E. Silberman

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Martin Mayer's statements on The Woodlawn Organization are maliciously false. . . . What he credits to TWO on slum landlords is the average record of one week's accomplishments. As for his "a federal grant which the *University secured for it* (TWO) . . ." what the university wanted was a far cry from what we wanted, and we got what we wanted. . . . The only time the University of Chicago ever meets with us is in the mayor's office, and then only when we force the meeting. The only reason that they ever live up to any of their agreements is because we are strong enough to keep them honest. . . .

Lynward Stevenson, President TWO

Mr. Mayer replies

Shelter Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I liked Mr. Silberman's book, and I think it is a contribution. . . . I did feel it lacked the sense of process, of how we got where we are today, and was therefore confused . . . about where we could go tomorrow. At the end of his book he does place the entire weight of his prescription on what he . . . calls "the Judeo-Christian tradition"; and it is here, not in the scattered obiter dicta, that "the chips are down. . . ." I charitably neglected his ambiguous discussion of Negro "power," because this power, as he noted on numerous pages, simply doesn't and can't exist on the scale he implies on other pages. To urge "a radical reconstruction of American society" is simply to preach what has become a rather dreary sermon at a time when Lyndon Johnson and J. Edgar Hoover are the flesh-and-blood

(*Continued on page 53*)

THE NATION

Monday, August 10, 1964
Volume 199, No. 3

In this issue

EDITORIALS

41

ARTICLES

43 Russian Problems and U.S. Politics
Isaac Deutscher

45 Tennessee: Students Get the Vote Out
R. V. Denenberg

49 Harlem: The Ghetto Ignites
Woody Klein

51 Canada Under Old Glory
David Cort

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

54 Farewell the Plumed Troop . . .
Arno Karlen

56 Bolts of Light
Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

57 The Franglais Film
Barbara Probst Solomon

59 Theatre
Harold Clurman

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 60)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Elizabeth Sutherland, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Grandin Conover, Assistant Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
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Goldwater's Military Views

In his *Spiegel* interview, only part of which reached the American public, Senator Goldwater suggested that a close U.S.-West German alliance was imperative (as if it did not already exist) and that if the German forces had not been under command of men who did not understand war, Germany would have won both World Wars. The incompetent commanders he had in mind were, respectively, Kaiser Wilhelm II (a gross exaggeration of Wilhelm's actual power) and Adolf Hitler. Goldwater went on to say that he himself would not hesitate to go to the brink of war, and cited Germany as a country that "has used brinkmanship down through the years and done so very, very successfully. . . ." (Gerd Wilcke from Bonn, *The New York Times*, July 27).

True enough, he who goes to the brink must be prepared to go over it when his bluff is called. Germany did so, twice. One result was the death of an unknown number of human beings—perhaps between 10 million and 20 million in World War I, somewhere in the range of twice that number in World War II. A secondary result was the total ruin and prostration of the German Reich. It was lifted up both times by that good (though not altogether disinterested) Samaritan, Uncle Sam—a rescue operation that would be most unlikely in the event of a third miscalculation. Goldwater has a queer idea of success.

That the views Goldwater expressed to the *Spiegel* interviewer were not a temporary aberration is shown by the current publication in the Munich *Revue* of answers which Goldwater gave to another German newsman some weeks ago. Presumably with an eye on the coming convention, Goldwater advanced the claim that his foreign policy ideas corresponded generally to those of the Eisenhower administration and, specifically, to the brinkmanship of John Foster Dulles. The late Secretary of State was bad enough, but Goldwater traduces him. Dulles was, after all, a civilian and an old hand at diplomacy, and his actions were more cautious than his phraseology. By all indications Goldwater would suit the action to the word, and the word is that of a military man more like General Walker than General Eisenhower.

The record confirms this. Foreign policy in conflict situations is, of course, backed by military potential, and Goldwater means to have the potential *à outrance*. The Washington staff of McGraw-Hill's *Aviation Week* (July 13) has summarized Goldwater's utterances on aerospace policy, an area where, as a flyer and a major general in the Air Force, he is at his most authoritative. If Goldwater is elected, *Aviation Week* forecasts, he will ask Congress for less money for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and more for Air Force programs. He has charged that we are "walking flat-footed into a full-fledged and possibly fatal space gap" and he is determined to militarize space if it is the last thing he does. He would get behind the Air Force's low-level attack program and put the XB-70 supersonic bomber into production. (If it turns out to be flyable, that is; if not, some other design will be developed—Goldwater, with LeMay, insists on a missile-bomber mix.) He would threaten the Russians, about whom he seems more concerned than about the Chinese, with our nuclear superiority. All these notions add up to his "victory policy," which he contrasts with the "no-win" policy of the Johnson Administration.

But what of Vietnam? Goldwater is on record as favoring the use of "small, clean" nuclear weapons in limited war situations, at the option of field commanders. In the *Revue* story he is quoted as sympathizing with de Gaulle's nuclear and NATO aspirations. But does Goldwater also admire de Gaulle for advocating neutralization of the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula, a "no-win" policy apparently viewed with revulsion by the Johnson Administration, which is even now engaged in stepping up American participation in that war? If American newsmen will ask a few cogent questions on this point, and if the candidate will be good enough to answer them, further aspects of the Goldwater mentality will be laid bare.

The Real Problem

What puzzles many persons of good will is that *Northern* Negroes should riot. Civil commotion in Birmingham and St. Augustine is understandable, but New York, Rochester? Especially Rochester; New York has its Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant ghettos, and everyone knows these are horrible. But Rochester? Not only do its Negroes have civil rights—as do Northern Negroes generally—but the city, the third largest in New York State, is rather above the average in racial enlightenment. The Rochester NAACP membership is up in the thousands, many of the members being white. In recent months a good many businessmen have exerted themselves to fill job vacancies with qualified Negro applicants. They are said to be combing Negro college campuses for employees. Most retail establishments have Negro sales personnel. One of the most respected citizens heads a committee on religion and race, designed to further integration. Most of the schools are integrated. No hotels, restaurants, stores, parks, beaches, golf courses or theatres are closed to Negroes. What more do they want?

Some of them want nothing more, and that perhaps

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: the next issue will be dated August 24.

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provides a key to the trouble. Rochester does have a ghetto—although it is not totally Negro—but the Negroes whom one would expect to be community leaders do not live there. The president of the local NAACP lives outside the city in one of the plush suburbs. A successful Negro attorney who is a state commissioner of human rights lives in one of the city's finest sections, miles from the ghetto. During the rioting, without realizing the irony of it, well-to-do Negroes issued solemn statements about the injustices in housing to which Negroes were subjected. Their own housing was far superior to that of the average Rochesterian—white or Negro. Their success has separated them from the main section of the Negro community. Yet these prosperous Negroes had done only what whites do in their own communities.

There must be many Negroes, in Rochester, in New York, in all the cities where segregation is not the enforced way of life, who disapprove of violence. This includes not only the wealthy Negroes but probably a majority of those who are just getting along. They may not be satisfied—how can they be when a 200-pound, 6-foot police officer shoots and kills a 15-year-old Negro stripling who could have been subdued without the use of any weapon at all (see "The Ghetto Ignites," page 49). But they are not the ones who riot, and the problem is insoluble until measures are taken to get down to the strata which Marx called the *Lumpenproletariat*, the demoralized hoodlum element which discredits the revolution by looting and running amok.

Violence will not help the Negro's cause, but the Negroes who resort to violence do not think in terms of a better time to come and the communal means of attaining it. Their behavior is an unexpected result of a national way of life which has been too much extolled. Ours is a country in which the primal aim is material luxury, but in which a fourth of the population sees no chance of sharing in the prosperity which is hawked as the be-all and end-all of life. Time was when the rich were resigned to having the poor with them always, and the poor could be persuaded to resign themselves to the state in which it had pleased God to place them. That time is past. The riots are a phase of the "revolution of rising expectations" which is making things hot in other parts of the world. It is disconcerting to have it explode at home but, when one reflects a little, it is not in the least surprising.

From the Mouths of Babes

At Tupper Lake, N.Y., a three-day civil defense jamboree was held amid the happy ululations of participants and spectators. Tupper Lake, situated in the Adirondacks, is neither the dullest nor the most exciting of places, but while the mock disaster lasted things were lively enough to make many residents wish for the real thing. Which they have some chance of getting, since the town is 50 miles or so from the Plattsburgh missile complex.

Mingling poetry with nuclear horror, the exercise was named Sun Drum II. It was the biggest ever held in New York State. Lieut. Gen. Manuel J. Asensio, retired, the State Civil Defense Director, was the chief mortician. Approximately 1,400 civil defense and Red Cross workers lent their efforts. They included Army Reserve physicians, nurses and corpsmen, Veterans Administration personnel, Civil Air Patrol pilots and cadets, Boy Scout volunteers and other juveniles. The effect of the nuclear strikes, which were centered on Utica and lower Canada, seems to have been rather modest—only 550 casualties were treated at Tupper Lake's emergency medical facilities. The casualties, however, made up in realism what they lacked in numbers. Most of the victims were Boy Scout volunteers; and the *New York Times* correspondent reported that their injuries, produced with theatrical make-up and artificial blood, were as gruesome as could be desired.

General Asensio emerged from the ordeal pleased but not entirely satisfied. "If it had been the real thing," he pointed out, "we would have had thousands of casualties." A 48-year-old town postman, who serves in his spare time as deputy civil defense director for the county, was more nostalgic. "I wish we had another exercise tomorrow," he said. "We don't get things like this every day." It certainly beats carrying junk mail.

A slight note of disharmony was introduced by a 6-year-old who was fatally injured on a temporary basis. Asked what he thought of the extravaganza, he replied: "I think they must all be crazy."

The Fetish of Foreign Aid

There are two prevalent attitudes toward foreign aid among Americans. The first is that the government squanders money abroad which might better be used at home. Although widespread, this appears to be a minority view. The majority of Americans would like to make a better world not only for themselves but for the hordes of mankind condemned by circumstances to live elsewhere. To them foreign aid is a kind of national *noblesse oblige*. When, however, foreign aid is dispensed with an eye to military advantage — which is the normal manner of its dispensation — the minority view turns out to be nearer the truth.

Anyone who doubts it should read a pamphlet titled *Foreign Assistance Act of 1964—Individual Views of Senator Morse on H.R. 11380*. No one who scans its twenty-four pages will ever again assume that whatever sum the Administration requests is sacred. Foreign aid can be, and often is, an unholy mess. Senator Morse gives a number of examples, but Turkey alone proves the case. The United States has poured $1,670 million into Turkey's civilian economy since 1947, and more than $4,000 million in combined military and economic aid. The net result is that the Turkish economy is worse off than before, and getting still worse. One reason for this is the population increase, a problem in which Turkey is not alone; another is a corrupt fiscal system—and about that there is nothing unique either. All over the world, U. S. aid tends to fan the population eruption and to impede reform, since we can be relied on to make up the deficits.

In the case of Turkey, these conclusions were reached by both the U.S. General Accounting Office

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and the Organization for European Cooperation and Development. The OECD report was prepared for a consortium of Western European countries that were supposed to join the U.S. in financing Turkey's development. In asking for funds, the Agency for International Development always refers to this sharing arrangement, but fails to add that the European contributions were conditioned on reforms in the Turkish fiscal system. Since the reforms were not carried out, the Europeans are not coming through on their pledges. Only Uncle Sam continues to give, come what may.

Another lesson of the Turkish experience is that government ownership and operation are no more a panacea than private ownership and operation. What counts is honest and efficient management, and in Turkey there is little of that. The Turkish Government operates about half of the country's industrial production—manufacturing, mining, trading, banking, transportation and so on. Because of poor organization and resulting inefficiency — and, although the GAO can hardly say so, a certain amount of thievery — everything runs at a deficit. But the Turkish Government has little to worry about. AID has, indeed, urged that government to adopt fiscal and economic reforms. "However," the GAO adds, "although actions taken by the government of Turkey were not satisfactory, the Agency decided to not insist on a greater measure of cooperation *because of foreign policy considerations.*" (Italics added.)

There, in perfect bureaucratese, you have it.

Victims of the Clean Slate

Urban renewal is a national program and among its victims are the nation's artists. Not only in New York, where last winter the painters organized themselves for a "no show" strike to protest evictions from studios arbitrarily declared substandard, but in cities as widely separated as Chicago, Minneapolis and Denver, artists find themselves squeezed out of their lofts, attics and refurbished stables by the bulldozers of progress.

The conflict arises because, in too many cases, planners think in terms of clean slates and uniform specifications. Renewal is usually a misnomer, because the process is not one of selecting what should go and of improving what could well remain, but of razing an area and imposing a whole new pattern upon it. And planners view men, women and children as so many fractions of units, to be installed in so many cubic feet of concrete and plaster.

As often as not it is a wasteful procedure, and the organized efficiency that is sought stultifies even those who join car pools and punch clocks. For artists, it is impossible. They need space—extravagant amounts of space by slide-rule criteria—and since they rarely share the new affluence, they naturally gravitate to the older sections of a town, where more expansive accommodations of an earlier age are standing in slow dissolution. Often they halt that decay (sometimes so effectively that values boom and sports-car bohemia pushes the artists out); they produce, in effect, lively oases in a neighborhood of slums. But oases do not fit conveniently on drafting boards, and the artists are therefore shoveled out along with the neighborhood rats and roaches.

Where shall they move? Everyone else is going to the suburbs, but artists are urban creatures; barbecue pits and the lawn mower on Sunday do not foster their spirits. Left to themselves, they will find their milieu and will make it work for their needs. No community was ever blighted by painters and sculptors; they have an instinct for renewal. If the planners could be convinced that some needs of a society are served better by old, shabby and spacious premises than they could possibly be by efficiency flats, the public at large would be in the unusually happy position of simultaneously saving tax money and supporting its most creative members.

Russian Problems and U.S. Politics .. Isaac Deutscher

London

Americans not enamored of the circuses of their national elections may envy the Russians the brief and quiet procedure whereby a change of presidents is effected in Moscow. It took the Supreme Soviet less than a quarter of an hour last month to divest Leonid Brezhnev of the presidency, and by acclamation, to choose Anastas Mikoyan as his successor. Of course, the decision about this reshuffle was made, not at the Supreme Soviet, which is a purely decorative institution, but at the Party Presidium, where it must have been preceded by quite a few tussles. The Soviet President does not normally wield any political power, but his office is not altogether devoid of importance. During an interregnum, when the relationships of power are in a flux, he may spring into extraordinary prominence; he may even act as umpire in a contest over a succession. Otherwise, the post of Party Secretary carries incomparably more weight; and so Mr. Brezhnev's assignment to full-time work at the Party Secretariat is more important than Mr. Mikoyan's nomination to the presidency.

Whatever the relative merits of these posts, the succession to Mr. Khrushchev is evidently on the agenda. The latest shift may be a preliminary to further changes, and Mr. Khrushchev himself may presently relinquish some of his responsibilities by resigning from one of his offices. All the same, Kremlinologists rack their brains in vain to guess who is being "groomed for the succession." Once Mr. Khrush-

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Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

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chev has gone, the men now closest to him may fare no better than did Beria, Malenkov and Molotov — those closest to Stalin—after their master's death. Indeed, if Khrushchev's reign were to be followed, as it is likely to be, by a bout of de-Khrushchevization, nothing would handicap a contender for power more strongly than the reputation of being Khrushchev's chosen heir.

The immediate purpose of the reshuffle has been to strengthen the Party Secretariat at a time when the prestige of the First Secretary has been slumping and the party hierarchy has felt the need for firmer or steadier leadership. Disappointment with Mr. Khrushchev's domestic and foreign performances, though never publicly voiced, has been widespread. The major domestic reason for it is that for some time now the standard of living has been almost stagnant, with an undeclared wage freeze in force since 1961, or even 1960, and with last year's disastrous crops entailing a decrease in food consumption.

Popular disillusionment has expressed itself in various forms, *inter alia*, in nostalgic sighs after the "good old days" of the Stalin era, "when at least we did not have to purchase our daily bread from foreigners." It is with an eye to this sort of crude pro-Stalinism, resurging from the poorest and least educated strata of the working class, but with an eye also on the "revisionist" discontent of the intelligentsia, that Mr. Khrushchev announced, and that the Supreme Soviet voted for, sweeping rises in the wages and salaries of 18 million people. The wage freeze has been abandoned in a manner calculated to mollify workers and employees with the lowest incomes. Their pay rates have been increased by 12 to 40 per cent. The national minimum wage has been raised from 40 to 45 rubles per month. As a result, the national wages bill has grown by 3,300 million rubles a year, a sum far greater than the total annual investment in the chemical industry, which has been accorded top priority in the industrial program. At the same time, the benefits of a State-sponsored pension scheme are being extended to the collective farmers who nominally are not State employees.

Significantly, the "underprivileged" and the underpaid are the beneficiaries of the new wage scales: doctors and teachers on the one hand, and workers employed in housing, trade, catering and public services on the other. Once again, as in the years 1958-61, discrepancies between high and low earnings are being reduced. The government is paying a more or less reluctant tribute to the egalitarianism of the masses.

But is the government not afraid that the increased purchasing power of 18 million citizens is going to have inflationary effects? Will the supply of consumer goods keep pace with the rise in the earnings? Of course, the fact that most of the benefits go to those employed in the distribution of consumer goods and in public services is itself calculated to make the supply of such goods and services more efficient, and perhaps even more abundant. Also, the output of industrial consumer goods is growing quite rapidly. The food situation, however, is less promising because it reflects the unsatisfactory state of agriculture. The deficit of meat and fats has been chronic, even if the grain shortage has been only temporary. This year's harvest will be much better than last year's, but it will not be overabundant: there have been droughts in some parts of the Ukraine and European Russia, and on the virgin lands the soil erosion could not yet have been made good. The pension scheme for the farmers is intended as an incentive to production; but that is a long-term incentive, and it may be years before its effects are felt. (In the meantime, Mr. Khrushchev has cracked a whip over the collective farmers, telling them that the government cannot go on paying them the present prices for grain, which are twice as high as those it pays the State farms.)

The rise in earnings means that the effective demand for foodstuffs is going to rise steeply; to avoid a scramble, the government evidently contemplates large-scale imports from abroad. It also plans to stockpile grain in quantities sufficient to cover anything from 50 to 100 per cent of the annual urban consumption—that is, from 25 to 50 million tons of grain. At least part of this reserve will have to be obtained from Canada, Australia and other countries (including the United States), from whom the USSR bought 12 million tons of grain last year. Eastern Europe, too, will have to go on covering its grain

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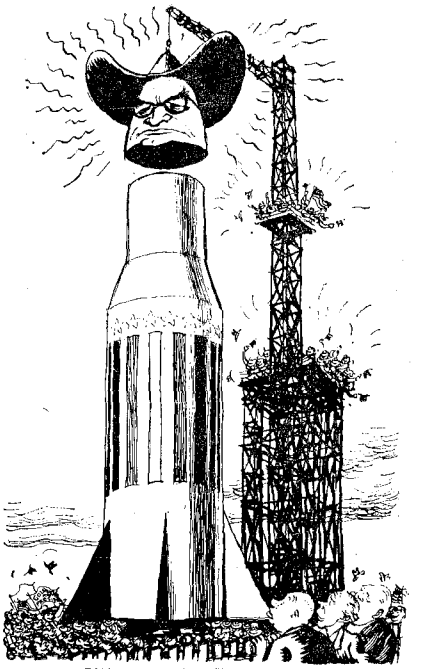
deficits by purchases in the West.

Thus, the economic policy which Mr. Khrushchev presented to the Supreme Soviet last week presupposes a further expansion and intensification of trade between Russia and the West. This, in turn, presupposes a lot of things: the West's, especially the United States', willingness to maintain the *détente*, to trade with Communist countries, to lift embargoes, and to effect further cuts in defense budgets. If these preconditions were not to materialize, Mr. Khrushchev's policy would be suspended in a vacuum, and the Soviet economy would be exposed to dangerous inflationary pressures.

It is clear from all this that Senator Goldwater's sudden and triumphant emergence in the role of Republican candidate for the American Presidency must have a strong impact upon the USSR's domestic scene as well as upon its foreign policy. Moscow no more expected Goldwater's triumph than did anyone else, and its policy makers are stunned by the new hurricane of anti-communism that rose from the Republican Convention at San Francisco and may now be sweeping across the states. Mr. Khrushchev and his advisers must wonder whether President Johnson will or can continue the "Kennedy policy" vis-à-vis Russia, or whether he will seek to obtain victory over Goldwater by demonstrating that no one can outdo him, the Democratic President, in anticommunism.

The Kremlin must, in any case, begin to reckon with a prospect



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The Warhead

which its ideologues have till now dismissed as unreal: the prospect of a possible resumption of the cold war and the arms race, and of a return to austerity at home, to tighter belts and tighter discipline. Should this prospect begin to materialize, the Russians would have to move much more cautiously in their controversy with the Chinese. Just now the Maoists are blaming Khrushchev even for Goldwater's success, speaking of the collapse of all the illusions connected with the Khrushchevite version of peaceful coexistence. "Goldwaterism," they say, "is what you get when you seek to appease American imperialism!" The taunt is highly embarrassing to Khrushchev. Many Communist leaders have, in any case, held that he was overplaying his hand against Mao; and the latest events in the United States will strengthen them in this conviction.

Will Moscow then, under the rude shock from San Francisco, try on the quiet to mend its relations with Peking? This is hardly the mood in which Mr. Khrushchev met Gomulka and other Communist leaders in Warsaw. But Mr. Brezhnev or Mr. Mikoyan may well try conciliation. Mr. Mikoyan is particularly well suited for the job. Though he is a convinced adherent of "peaceful coexistence" and is as much opposed to Maoism as is Mr. Khrushchev himself, he is known to be critical of the Khrushchevite handling of the Russo-Chinese controversy, and to favor a less belligerent and less offensive approach to Peking. The question is whether the Maoists are inclined to respond to any conciliatory approach. They have been growing more and more aggressive in their hostility to Khrushchev, and may now be bent on extracting from the American elections the maximum ideological advantage for themselves and the maximum embarrassment for Khrushchev. However, the Senator from Arizona may yet help to soften the Russo-Chinese antagonism: if with the call for the anti-Communist crusade he were to proceed in triumph to the very gates of the White House, the Russians and the Chinese might well feel compelled to close their ranks and reassert their alliance.

Tennessee

Students Get the Vote Out . . . .

R. V. Denenberg

Somerville, Tenn.

In economic and racial terms, the dusty fields of sharecropped cotton and the segregated rest-rooms in the county courthouse make Fayette County seem like a piece of Mississippi caught behind the Tennessee state line. But there is one big difference—more than 4,000 of the 17,000 Negroes in Fayette County are registered to vote.

If this puts the region five or ten years ahead of Mississippi, it presents the forty students and graduates who comprise the field force of the Cornell Committee for Free and Fair Elections in Fayette County with the problem of assaulting the second line of Southern white resistance to Negro enfranchisement. For while the rest of the civil rights movement in the South concentrates on the primary goal of registration, the Cornell group is attempting the more delicate task of turning mere registrants into voters and, most important, voters whose votes will be counted.

On August 6, a bitter, often violent, five-year struggle for Negro registration comes to a climax in the county election. The white man's hold on the county government is being challenged by a white farmer, L. T. Redfearn, and a Negro pastor, Rev. June Dowdy, independent candidates for sheriff and tax assessor respectively. L. T. Redfearn is a white man whom White Citizens

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Council types consider a "traitor to his race," and whom the students look on as something of a walking miracle. A blond, blue-eyed country gentleman who is a master of chicken barbecue oratory, Redfearn has been campaigning for sheriff for the past five years on a platform whose dominant theme is enforcement of the law without regard to the color of a man's skin. It was he who touched off the voter registration struggle in 1959 when, as a candidate for the Democratic Party nomination for sheriff, he publicly asked for the votes of the fifty Negroes then registered. When they tried to vote, the local Democratic Party declared a white primary, whereupon Redfearn and twelve Negroes asked a federal court for an injunction. In 1960, the court enjoined the party from holding white primaries, but the election was over. Stirred by the refusal of the white administration to let them vote in the primary, the Negroes began pouring into Somerville to register.

That was the beginning of the time of troubles in Fayette County. Retaliating against the mass registration, landowners evicted Negro sharecroppers from their land and their homes, and forced them to erect the infamous Tent City on the land of a Negro farmer. Merchants refused to sell anything, including food and gasoline, to Negroes whose names were on a black list drawn from the electoral rolls. The banks refused farm loans in the crucial planting season, and withdrew all credit from black-listed Negroes. At the end of 1961, the Negroes again filed suit, and this time were granted a court order enjoining about seventy-five landowners, merchants and bankers from using economic pressure to prevent registration.

Cornell's involvement in Fayette County began at the end of last summer when Charles Haynie, a former Cornell graduate student who had spent the summer here, returned to the campus and told a group of friends about the upcoming election in which the Negroes would once again attempt to assert their right to vote. The Committee for Free and Fair Elections in Fayette County was formed, more than $10,000 was raised, and forty students, about one-fourth of them girls, volunteered to go to Fayette County. Dubbed "Freedom Riders" by Negroes to whom they are a familiar sight as they drive about in their dust-covered automobiles, the students have been here since mid-June helping Negroes to register and compiling lists of Negro voters district by district.

Haynie, who is directing field operations for the project, has said that he is "amazed at the way they have been able to make contact with Negroes. In a very short time they have established a firm rapport."

Relations with the white community have been less cordial. Although the students try to avoid contact with local whites, they are vulnerable as they travel the roads in twos or threes. Several of them have been beaten by local whites who run their cars off the road or wait in ambush. A car in which two students were riding was hit by buckshot as it passed a white man's store, but luckily the windows were rolled up. The next day a Coke bottle shattered the windshield as the pair drove past the same place.

Landowners often threaten to kill students who set foot on their property. The students have also been subjected to the usual sort of Southern judicial harassment. Two were arrested for trespassing while talking to a Negro sharecropper on his front porch. Their bail was set at $700, and they eventually were fined $10 for disorderly conduct.

But the smell of violence is less acrid here than in some other areas of the South, in part, at least, because white people are more likely to have to answer for their crimes. If the sheriff will not take notice of serious attacks or threats, the FBI in Memphis will at least come out to investigate. Their agents have been here so often that the white residents are beginning to think the students have special connections in Mr. Hoover's office, although the FBI has never taken any action.

Living in groups of two or three with Negro families in each of the county's fifteen electoral districts, the students are engaged principally in what is usually called voter education. But that term, if it conveys the tie-and-jacket primness of the social worker, hardly applies to the problems that arise on the back roads of Fayette County. Although most eligible Negroes are registered, not all have voted, and few have voted more than twice since the 1960 registration drive. They are ignorant of simple electoral procedures, and they must learn every detail lest they be dis-

Nick Lawrence

Cornell Student and First Voter

R. V. Denenberg, member of the Committee for Free and Fair Elections, graduated from Cornell University in June. He was editor-in-chief of the Cornell Daily Sun.

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qualified on a technicality. Tennessee has no literacy test for voting but illiteracy is appallingly high, and ways must be found for those who cannot read to identify the names on the ballots.

But besides instructing the Negroes in how to vote, the students must convince them that they should vote. Here, as elsewhere in the South, the shackles on the Negro people are self-made in apathy, as well as forged by the white man. Because the individual Negro is often unwilling to jeopardize his own precarious welfare for the unsure hope of a vague social improvement, it is difficult to sustain a registration drive. Obviously the resolution of Fayette Negroes is high, but the tendency persists among some of them not to bother with the formerly forbidden fruit of voting so long as they themselves are "doing all right." Ten acres and a team of mules are often enough to take a man's mind off voting.

The student workers visit every house in their district, urging the unregistered to register and the registered to vote. When they meet opposition or reluctance, they discuss, explain, coax, cajole and berate, trying to reach the tender spot of self-guilt that the Negro feels when he realizes that by his inaction he is partly to blame for the plight of his people. In some cases the fears are real. The memory of mass evictions during earlier registration drives is still alive, and after the last registration day in July, at least one family had to pay the boss man's price by vacating house and land. Asked one student who watched the family move off in a horse-drawn wagon piled high with belongings, "What do you tell them now? Sometimes you really have to be careful about putting pressure on someone who's in a tight situation with his landowner. He's the one who might have to move, not you."

As most of the students quickly discovered, it is often difficult to avoid "putting the pressure on," because white skin carries authority. Shaking hands with Negroes and always calling them "Mr. and Mrs." will not easily overcome the habit of servility, and the "yes sirs" of reply are too often responses to orders rather than words of agreement. The Cornell group has an uneasy feeling that some people who went to the courthouse to register in June and July did so not because they saw the reason for it but because a white man had told them what to do.

But unquestionably the great majority of Negroes in Fayette County draw the very obvious distinction between the native whites and the students, and their gratitude and admiration for the latter are almost boundless. "They've risked their lives to help us" is frequently heard — an appreciation which, when mixed with common religious analogy, tends to make of the students almost messianic figures. A Negro minister in church told his congregation, "They came like Jesus to save us."

Religion and the Negro churches are so inextricably involved with civil rights here that the movement takes on almost the spiritual character of a political revival, a *risorgimento*. Registration and voting, as one student noted, have become almost a religious obligation; from the pulpits roll thunderous reminders that God helps those who help themselves.

The little Negro church buildings, curiously devoid of any religious objects or adornments, are the only available meeting places for mass meetings, which thus usually begin and end with a prayer and hymn and in general combine the characteristics of a political rally and a church service. The students quickly discovered the Negroes' appreciation of the fine art of preaching, and began turning their speeches at these meetings into Biblically cadenced harangues which draw rhythmic responses from the audience. "That's right!" the audience shouts in unison when a good point is made.

At these meetings the students attempt to encourage an attitude of responsibility toward voting. Negroes are reminded that their schools are inferior, their roads unpaved, and themselves little better than their slave grandparents because they do not exercise their right to vote. As a minister and a candidate, the Reverend Dowdy often emphasizes the same theme. "We don't want to take over the county," he intones in his Solomonic voice, "but we do want to have a part in it. If you let someone else run your life, then you're a 'boy' even if you're eighty." Usually the elder leaders and candidates Redfearn and Dowdy will speak at these meetings; incumbent sheriff Pattat has refused invitations to speak, reportedly excusing himself because he does not like mixing church and state.

Having invaded the electoral rolls in force, and having presented candidates for the two most important offices in the county, the Negro electorate is still left with the problem of getting its votes counted. The difficulty in wresting control of the government from the white man is that he counts the votes. To Negroes here this often appears an insuperable obstacle, for The Man is at once the sheriff and the elections commissioner who says who has been elected sheriff. They have seen how it works. Negro voters in district seven on the west side of the county will tell you how they stood in line outside the polling place in October, 1961, perhaps fifty deep all day long, and during those hours hardly a white man was seen to enter the place. And yet Redfearn carried the district by fewer than twelve votes — and it was the only district he carried.

Negroes will also tell you about ballots dropped onto the floor instead of into the ballot box, of ballots marked in advance with the registrar's choice, and of having to fill out a "secret" ballot on a grocery counter with a crowd of cracker-barrel loungers peering over your shoulder.

"I watched him," an old Negro man was saying. "I watched him when he made like he was going to drop my paper into the box. He put it all the way in the slot but he kept his hand on it. I suppose he pulled it right out again when I left there."

So the Cornell volunteers keep reading their battered, yellow-covered copies of *Tennessee Election Laws 1963-1964*, circling the applicable sections, hoping that in the heart of States' rights territory the white man will at least respect the laws of his state when directly confronted by them. But there is no telling. Even if it is read to him like the Riot Act, there is no telling that Section 2-1318, allowing any voter to watch the counting of the ballots, will have an effect on a poll official who is determined not to have any "damn nigger" check his tally.

But at least in this election the Negroes will have the benefit of

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preparation and organization. For several weeks the students have been gathering affidavits from Negroes who voted in the last election and who saw illegal procedures in various polling places. Copies of these are being filed with the county elections commission, the state elections commission, and the United States Department of Justice, as a sort of prior protest, warning that the same abuses are likely to occur in this election. On election day a student will be posted outside each polling place to determine from the accounts of emerging Negro voters how the balloting is being conducted. If there are any irregularities, a suit charging fraud will be filed in federal court.

Nor will Negroes have to submit meekly to the chicanery of white poll officers, for the students plan to introduce an electoral safeguard unheard of in Fayette County elections — poll-watchers. In every district students are selecting Negroes to serve as poll-watchers and training them to spot illegal procedures. The poll-watching, however, can be successful only to the extent that the students can predict the kind of sleight of hand that will be practiced by the officials, and secondly and less tangibly, the extent to which the Negro watchers will be able to overcome the inhibitions of a lifetime by protesting the action of a white man to his face.

Certainly the most far-reaching and permanent effect of this summer's sojourn of forty college students will be the Negro political organization which they will leave behind them. When they arrived in Fayette County, the students found a skeleton organization composed of the district leaders of the original Fayette County Civic and Welfare League. Headed by John McFerren, a gas station operator, the leaders are a group of tough men who successfully carried out the registration drive in the face of great personal danger, and who gave the county a civil rights foothold unusual for the South. But even for the most energetic of these leaders the districts were too large, the residents too scattered and the means of communication too meager for effective organization. Even a team of two or three students with a car found that mobilizing a district for meetings proved a full-time occupation. The remedy was to divide the districts

into sections, small areas such as one road or an intersection, headed by a section leader chosen by the student team and the district leader. The students began holding section meetings, of perhaps fifteen to thirty people, small manageable discussion groups meeting in the evening around a milk can full of Kool-aid in a Negro's home. These meetings are opportunities to give demonstrations of voting, to spread information about registration and voting dates, and in general to talk the long-absent talk of politics. One team even uses its meetings to teach the structure of the federal government by dramatizing the enactment of the civil rights bill.

Like the precinct clubs of the middle-class cities, sections and section meetings are the basic units of a political organization which now includes almost every registered Negro in the county and which has fostered the development of more than seventy-five political leaders. Gradually the students are shifting more and more responsibility onto the shoulders of the section leaders, who eventually will form a corps of political activists spread throughout the county. With these men and women providing the initiative, Fayette County Negroes will have a highly articulate and strikingly efficient organization which will be a political force in the state as well as in the county.

The ultimate effect of this organizational vitality can be seen already in the recognition by at least one state politician of the power of the Negro voting bloc. Congressman Ross Bass, the most liberal of the three men seeking the Democratic nomination for Estes Kefauver's Senate seat, is eagerly courting the support of the Negro leadership of Fayette County for the votes he knows they can deliver against the heavily segregationist vote his opponents are likely to drum up among the white people of the county. What Bass's interest proves is that the organized voting power of Negroes in the South cannot much longer be overlooked by a candidate. Though the tenor of politics is certainly less harshly racial in Tennessee than in other parts of the South, it is obvious that, in those hundreds of counties from the Mississippi Delta to the Carolinas where Negroes are anywhere from a third to a majority of the population, straight segregationist platforms would splinter in the face of organized voting blocs.

In Fayette County even local politics, presumably the toughest nut, is cracking under the pressure of an imminent mass turn-out of Negroes on election day. The incumbent sheriff himself has been handshaking his way across the Negro hinterland, in an eleventh-hour campaign to remind his new constituents that he has been a paragon of fair and impartial law enforcement. But those Negroes who saw him turn his back while hoodlums beat their children and threw acid on them during a sit-in demonstration in Somerville last year find Sheriff Pattat's claims ludicrous. Moreover, Pattat has been playing both sides in this election, campaigning among the Negroes but assuring whites that he has not gone soft. Referring to a statement Pattat reportedly made, an old man struggled to his feet at a recent church meeting to declare, "We're not going to vote for any man who says he'll win with 'the damn nigger vote.'"

At this time it seems that a substantial number of white voters are defecting to Redfearn, partly because of normal dissatisfactions after a four-year administration, but also because in the past five years Redfearn's unswerving and persevering straightforwardness has been made the more noticeable by Pattat's constant equivocation and shifting of position. Pattat, for example, promised the white community that he would not hire Negro deputies, as Redfearn proposed in his 1961 platform, but when the threat of Negro voting power grew, Pattat did outfit two Negroes with uniforms and pistols for use in policing Negro cafés and Fourth of

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July picnics. Furthermore, white people who are primarily interested in honest government are displeased by Pattat's failure to clean up this dry county's bootlegging operations. The bootleggers, both white and Negro, are to a man Pattat's staunchest supporters, an example of the classic political entente which flourishes in many Southern counties as a result of legislated abstemiousness.

However, the Cornell students scrupulously try to maintain a strict neutrality, both in public speech and private conversation with Negroes, for they see their function as solely the securing of voting rights. Advocating a candidate is looked upon as a misuse of influence. This should prove comforting to the students at Cornell who opposed the grant by the student government of $1,000 to the project. The grant proved to be the most controversial issue on the Cornell campus in recent years, when a group of students petitioned for a recall referendum, charging that the money of the university was going to a "partisan" political effort, and that students therefore were being compelled to donate to a political cause. Defenders of the grant argued that the project was essentially voter registration and education, and that this was not tantamount to "partisan" activity simply because the voter would vote for someone.

Here in Fayette County, it is clear that partisanship is not the issue. The August election will, of course, decide who is to keep the peace and who collect the taxes, and to the Negro voters that is not unimportant. But much more important is the fact that this election will prove that the "Whites Only" sign has at last been removed from the ballot box.

The Ghetto Ignites . . . . . Woody Klein

The riots in Harlem, Brooklyn and Rochester, N.Y., have left the nation's Negro civil rights leaders in an agonizing dilemma.

If, as necessity and common sense dictate, they ease up on the pressure which they have been applying all over the country, they run the near certainty that a large segment of the Negro masses will join the more militant groups to the political left and right. If they continue to hold demonstrations and other public protests in the streets, they may stir up the so-called "white backlash" vote to the point where enough ordinarily middle-of-the-road Americans might sweep Arizona Senator Barry M. Goldwater into the White House.

Spokesmen representing a majority of the major civil rights groups have issued an appeal to their membership to observe a "broad curtailment if not total moratorium" on all demonstrations until after the November election. However, James Farmer of CORE and John Lewis of SNCC felt unable to sign the appeal and it remains uncertain that the call will be heeded in the grassroots of the movement.

The bloody outbreak against the police in Harlem, touched off by the fatal shooting of a 15-year-old Negro boy by an off-duty police lieutenant, has cast a grim shadow over the national civil rights drive. Just when it had appeared that the sun was rising on the Negro's aspirations, Goldwater's nomination dimmed the hopeful rays of the Civil Rights Act. The withdrawal of Alabama Governor George Wallace as a Presidential candidate created a few more dark clouds. Then came the riots in New York City and upstate—with others still threatening on the horizon.

Rising from the long-forgotten ghettos in the North is a mounting tide of Negro resentment. These blacks feel that they have been bypassed during this year of momentous change in the South; and they are bitter about the double standards of Northern white liberals who give willingly to freedom fighters south of the Mason-Dixon line but look upon the Negro in the urban slum almost as a permanent fixture.

Negroes in Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles—all over the country—are beginning to cry out for recognition. And this reaction could produce a situation a lot worse, it is feared, than the ugly violence Americans have witnessed in Mississippi. It could be worse because the pent-up emotions of millions of Negroes in the stifling slums of the North—where few whites have ever been—might not be controllable much longer.

In the South, it is argued, the Negro's cause has been led by nonviolent churchgoers. The people are well organized, closely knit, and they have concentrated on such specific goals as voter registration, desegregated lunch counters and schools. They have chosen economic boycotts and passive resistance. For decades they have successfully used the strategy of turning the other cheek.

Equally important, they have been led essentially by one man—Dr. Martin Luther King, a deeply Christian man who has mixed soft encouragement with forceful oratory, compassion with hard-boiled negotiation tactics.

In the North, there is an overabundance of leaders but the goals are not clearly defined. There is also the corrupting influence of Negro politicians — the "Black Tammany" leaders — who often thrive on the condition of virtual bondage in which their constituents find themselves.

And the Negro extremists do not find the same fertile ground in the rural South as they do in the socially sick big cities of the North. A strange mixture of black Fascists and black Communists is flourishing in the Northern ghettos today.

Although municipal officials frequently affirm their belief in the "open city," the concept of "quality, integrated education," and "jobs for all" regardless of race, some students of the rights movement insist that up to now it has been more difficult for a Negro to "make it" in the North than in the South. In the South he has at least known where he stood.

The Northern Negro has had "freedom" a lot longer than his

Woody Klein, a reporter for the New York World-Telegram, *broke the* HAR-YOU-ACT *story earlier this summer. His* Let in the Sun, *a book on politics and poverty in New York, will be published by Macmillan this fall.*

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Southern counterpart, but he has nothing more to show for it. The subterfuges used to avoid city, state and federal laws against bias have been refined by long practice. What's more important, they have worked—enabling whites to bar Negroes from places to which they officially have been encouraged to come. For this reason, because of the hypocrisy it implies, the Northern Negro is even more bitter and certainly as angry as any of his black brothers down South.

The injustices of the South have been well publicized. Now it appears to be the Northern Negro's moment on stage. There is every expectation that he will not want to give up that moment, especially if it means letting go of the only hope he has known in 100 years.

For this reason some of the most influential Negro spokesmen want to keep the kettle boiling. "It seems to me quite essential now that we continue our pressure in order to keep our friends honest," says Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). "Otherwise, the tendency will be for our friends, President Johnson and the Democrats, to adopt the conventional political strategy of moving toward the middle when they're faced with a threat from the right, and this would be disastrous to the civil rights cause. I cannot conceive of CORE supporting any move to cancel demonstrations from now on."

On the other hand, Roy Wilkins, veteran executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, apparently feels that public protests have reached the point of diminishing returns. Just hours after the Harlem riots had broken out, he fired off telegrams to other major national Negro leaders in which he declared:

"The promise of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 could well be diminished or nullified and a decade of increasingly violent and futile disorder ushered in if we do not play our hand coolly and intelligently."

Wary of further demonstrations such as the one held by CORE which led to the Harlem melee, Wilkins said the succession of events since Goldwater was nominated amounted to "the sternest challenge we have yet seen. There is no safety in the assumption," he continued, "that Goldwater cannot win the election. He can win it and he can be helped to win it if enough wrong moves are made. We must insure that without modifying any essential position we do nothing to produce votes for Goldwater."

His appeal was directed in the telegrams to Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League; Farmer; Dr. King, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; A. Philip Randolph, international president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; and Lewis, national chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Wilkins, Young, King and Farmer are generally regarded as the "Big Four" Negro rights leaders.

Farmer, who has had to show his militancy in order not to lose his following to the extremists, was criticized by some whites after the Harlem riots for going into the streets and allegedly provoking the raging mobs with inflammatory remarks about the police. Farmer shrugs off this criticism: "What was our alternative? Should we have stayed home and surrendered an opportunity to fight for the Negro? There was no point in giving up areas like Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant to the racists, to those groups which spread hate and violence," he declared in an interview after the disorder.

"Somebody has to walk the dangerous road," Farmer told a reporter who asked him why he risked his national reputation. "Somebody has to keep in contact with both the white middle class and the Negro masses, knowing all too well that neither will be satisfied. There is no real communication now. Neither side understands the other's dilemma."

Farmer's point has been well received by other leaders in Harlem, who have known for a long time that they must begin to pull together. The Urban League of Greater New York, normally aloof from street demonstrations and street leaders, now advocates that groups like the Black Nationalists be included in conferences with municipal officials. Urban League officials apparently feel that, as in the case of the Chinese Reds, it would be better to meet with the extremist groups and thus keep an eye on their activities.

As for the basic cause of the New York riots, most informed observers put little stock in the theory first advanced by City Council President Paul R. Screvane at the height of the crisis that they were Communist-inspired. Comments Farmer: "In a sense, this is an insult to the Negroes in Harlem because it means they wouldn't have enough sense to feel discontent or to feel anger and frustration at the age-old ills unless some Communist came along and told them to do it. This was a war—a war between the citizens of Harlem and the police."

It was generally agreed, after the calm was restored, that although extremists may have fanned the flames of discontent, they did not plan and execute the riot in any organized manner. More likely, evidence such as looting of the predominantly white-owned stores on

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125th Street indicated that the blow-up was fashioned by a criminal element as well as by an army of unemployed youth. There is little doubt that it was spontaneous, directed primarily against the white businessman in Harlem and the white policeman everywhere.

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the outspoken Negro politician who represents a large segment of Harlem, had this to say: "This was not a race riot. The black man is mad, mad with continued police brutality of white policemen. He's been mad as far back as I can remember. The black man has never received justice in cases of police brutality." Powell, long a controversial figure, remained out of New York to avoid a warrant for his arrest in connection with a $46,500 judgment obtained against him by a Negro widow who sued him for libel.

Harlem's leading weekly newspaper, *The Amsterdam News*, assessed the situation this way: "At the seat of this trouble," read its editorial, "is the strong public feeling that no matter how brutally policemen may treat a citizen of Harlem, there is the feeling that any charge against that policeman will be whitewashed." James Booker, a veteran newsman on the *News*, gave this personal estimate: "Just about every explosive situation [in Harlem] has developed after a local community rally because police just didn't know how to handle the situation and panicked. Harlem residents are tired of politicians' unfulfilled promises, of civil rights doubletalk from City Hall, of slickly written press releases, instead of positive action by government leaders, and of hand-picked Negro politicians and government officials who serve as apologists for their bosses rather than as spokesmen for their community while enriching their personal pockets and moving to the suburbs."

The "activists" in Harlem may not have started the battle, but once it erupted they kept it going. Jesse Gray, the militant leader of last winter's unprecedented rent strike, seized the initiative the day after the first riot. In a church meeting he called out, in a speech before an emotionally charged audience (filled with Black Nationalists), for "100 skilled black revolutionaries who are ready to die." Negroes, he said, must be ready to participate in "guerrilla warfare."

Malcolm X, the embittered Black Muslim leader who started the Negro supremacists rolling in Harlem last year, was in Cairo attending a meeting of the Organization of African Unity. He wasted no time issuing an ominous warning which his followers back in Harlem echoed: "I am surprised the trouble has been contained to the degree that it has. There are probably more armed Negroes in Harlem than in any spot on earth. If they get involved in this, they'll really have something on their hands."

Other extremists issued equally bold warnings. "I can stop the rioting," boasted James Lawson, president of the United African Nationalist Movement, in the midst of the chaos. "But before I do Mayor Wagner will have to come up to Harlem to listen to our demands."

The divergent views among Negroes in Harlem and in other Northern ghettos make it hard for the country's nationally known Negro spokesmen to enunciate a policy on which the majority of America's 20 million Negroes can agree. But this is the year when politics and civil rights are destined to hold hands. A precarious road lies ahead —so dangerous, in fact, that one noted American Negro writer, James Baldwin, has predicted a civil war.

"It will get worse before we can hope it will get better," he warns. "The turning point may be disaster."

Canada Under Old Glory . . . . . David Cort

Use your imagination: suppose the United States to include states named British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland (including Labrador), plus the Yukon and Northwest Territories (districts of Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin); say, ten new states, twenty new senators, and representatives for a population of 19 million, or about the same as California's.

Of course, it is a fantasy, but seemingly remote events have had the effect of making it not an altogether idle fantasy. The first was the European Common Market, based on the American invention of Federal Union. The second was de Gaulle's exclusion of England from the Common Market. This resuscitation of the haughtiness of Louis XIV must have inspired French Quebec, or some minority of it, to threaten to secede as a sovereign nation to be called Laurentie. Canadians began to wonder about their identity.

Maclean's magazine, testing this mood, polled Canadians on whether they would consider joining the United States, and published the results in its issue of June 6, 1964.

David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

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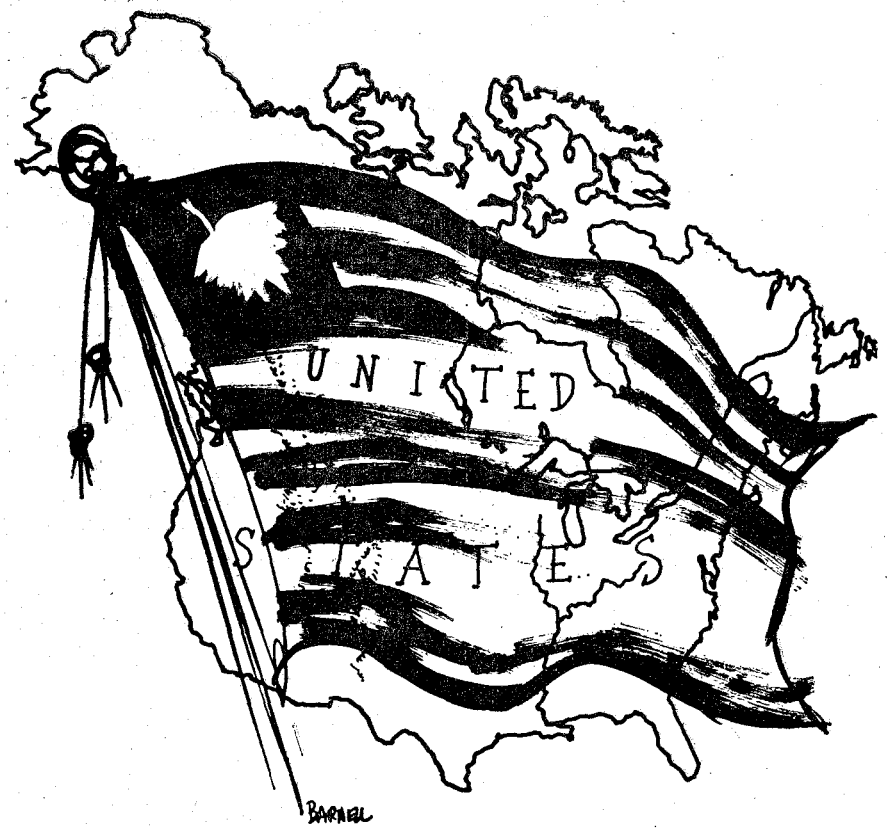

Before looking at this summary of opinion, let us pursue the fantasy a little way. Following a United States-Canada federation, there would first be agonized attempts by the American political parties to capture the very different segments of the Canadian electorate, with the short-term prospects very doubtful. However, the twenty Canadians in the U.S. Senate would certainly improve the climate of that body by liberal, or even just sensible, standards. Southern filibusters would become a bad dream of the unregretted past. The Canadians would contribute their experience with multilateral foreign policy and advanced social legislation; and the Americans might have to learn a little French.

Fifty-nine contiguous American states would sweep from the Arctic ice pack to the Rio Grande, and the land area of the U. S. would approach that of Russia—7.3 as against 8.1 million square miles. The combined sovereignties could manage the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system intelligently instead of competitively. (The Lake Huron water level is dangerously low.) In general, the management of a total continent ought to be more successful than management by halves.

Set against the realization of this fantasy is the peculiar "reality" that Canada is that mysterious and holy concept, a nation firmly established and fully crystallized in the minds of most of its inhabitants. But Canada's self-doubt comes, ironically, just as some forty new nations, with no real credentials or history or concept of nationhood, have been encouraged to invent their identities, their national names, flags, symbols and elites. A wild inflation may have depreciated the concept of nation, and this intuition would naturally have come first to the rational Canadians. (Though Australia and New Zealand have also been discussing union.)

The self-doubt could be ended with the cry, "Rally 'round the flag, boys!" But just at this moment has come the shattering news that Canada has no flag. What it's been using is the British Red Ensign with the Union Jack at upper left and the Canadian shield in lower right. This latter incorporates the English leopards and lion, Irish harp, Canadian maple leaves and fleurs-de-lis. French Quebec takes fleurs-de-lis to be a Bourbon symbol. In this case, it is not; it is the Plantagenet device in the English royal arms and represents that house's claim to the crown of France, not abandoned, believe it or not, until 1801. (Wait until Ghana develops these historical complications.)

Prime Minister Lester Pearson has proposed that the Red Ensign could still be used, but that the official flag of Canada should be a twig of three red maple leaves on a white field bounded by two blue bars ("from sea to sea"). Being autumnal red, the leaves are clearly about to fall, and it soon seemed that Pearson's government might be about to fall too. The new breed objected to any retention of the Red Ensign; the old breed objected to the maple leaves which, to a long-time associate of maple trees, must seem an unexciting sort of national symbol. This safe, meaningless, symbolic issue got the sensible Canadians out on the barricades. "Mobs," so to speak, of old ladies flying the Red Ensign met with smaller but more active groups of young men flying the maple leaf, and elaborately failed to join battle.

The only conclusion to be drawn from all this is that there is some difference of opinion as to what Canada is. (There is, of course, a much wider difference of opinion as to what the United States is, thus perhaps making us even less of a nation than Canada.)

Large numbers of those regarded as true Americans are, in fact, Canadians of the first or second generation: witness only Supreme Court Justice Douglas, Mary Pickford, Walter Pidgeon, Saul Bellow, Fred Astaire, Mort Sahl, Robert Goulet, Raymond Massey, Cyrus Eaton, Leon Edel, and so on indefinitely. The mongrel similarity of the two populations has increased since Canada began accepting non-English immigration in quantity—a million Germans, half a million Italians. The oddities in the two populations are only Negroes and white Southerners and *Canadiens* and Eskimos. In general, a Canadian who crosses the border instantly becomes an average American.

And so *Maclean's* asked a cross section of Canadians whether they would prefer to be Americans, without even crossing the border. The size of the sample, 1,042, though it looks small to me, is said to be representative polling practice.

To this apparently shocking question, 12 per cent gave a loud and clear *Yes*, 17 per cent just said yes, and 9 per cent didn't know.

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That is, 29 per cent favored political union, and nobody punched the questioners in the nose.

Among the disadvantaged groups, the percentages of yes voters were far higher; 47 per cent of the unemployed, 43 per cent of those earning under $3,000, 42 per cent of those with only primary education, 40 per cent under $4,000. The lowest percentages were for university graduates, 20 per cent, and the retired, 17 per cent.

As to the consequences of union, only a third of the whole sample thought the resulting political system would be worse, and only 10 per cent thought the Canadian living standard would be worse. The others who had any discernible opinion thought things would be the same or better.

On the less sensitive question of economic union with the United States, an amazing total of 65 per cent voted yes, and 10 per cent didn't know. The percentages ran still higher among: the unemployed, 79 per cent; Quebec, 78 per cent; students, 78 per cent; the Maritime Provinces, 75 per cent. Even university graduates and the retired favored economic union by 62 per cent and 53 per cent.

Actually, economic union is not coming; to a great extent it is now here. As *Maclean's* wryly notes, some $20 billion in American capital has fairly recently bought ownership of more than 90 per cent of Canadian plants, employing in excess of 5,000 workers, and 59 per cent of all Canadian production. In these cases, control is exercised by a parent U.S. corporation, not necessarily in the best interests of the Canadian subsidiary, or of Canada. Canada has unintentionally become primarily a producer of raw materials, which are processed in the U.S. To Canadian businessmen, the attraction of economic union is that it would increase the Canadian market by 1000 per cent, whereas it would add only another 10 per cent to the American market. Canadians who have something to sell feel they would do very well.

Maclean's points out that there are five distinct and progressive stages of economic collaboration: a free-trade area; a customs union; a common market; an economic union; and, finally, economic integration, which in practice almost means political integration. Only the first of these is now under discussion, but it would be easy enough to enlarge the discussion to all five and beyond, if only some statesmen with economic and political imagination would come out of the bushes. It is possible that an entirely original solution will be found for what is an entirely original situation.

In the past, as a mediator between England and the United States, Canada could not afford to accept an either-or position. But today, England and the United States are growing ever closer in economic and political policy. Canada could now join the United States without leaving the community of the British commonwealth in any important sense.

One suggestion, that came from the American columnist Drew Pearson (no connection to Lester), is that Canada should have non-voting seats in the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives, and corresponding seats should be provided for the United States in the Canadian Parliament. Another elementary idea would be a Canadian aide to the U.S. President, and a U.S. aide to the Canadian Prime Minister. Such an official could be the head of a department, with cabinet rank.

Most of the elements of a Canadian-United States commonwealth — common currency, common defense, common language (except for Quebec), common market — are virtually in effect now. The differences lie in foreign policy, postage, tariffs, flag and the War of 1812. But surely Americans can admit that General Brock won the battles of Detroit and Queenston Heights in 1812.

Some Canadians may not prize the concept of a Canadian nation, but many Americans do. The general good sense and amiability of its human and political relations have long been the admiration of a certain kind of American. At first sight, it would be a great pity to lose these qualities from the community of nations, for they are not to be found anywhere else in exactly the Canadian combination of decency, virility and magnanimity. Still, they might have more influence as part of the whole American society.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

exemplars of hope. . . . [As for] Mr. Silberman's discussion on pages 246-48 (again, when "the chips are down") . . . the notion that our big corporations are going to lead "a radical reconstruction of American society" leaves criticism gasping behind. . . .

The discussion of TWO and the University of Chicago was longer in the review I submitted, but the point is not central—the objection, indeed, is not to TWO itself, but to Mr. Silberman's insistence on its importance. . . . The fact is that the university's support for TWO's grant was far more significant on both sides than the fight over its details (which I am pleased TWO won). The housing projects Mr. Silberman so praises . . . follow standard operating procedure in most cities, by giving first priority on the apartment list to people whose homes are in the path of future bulldozers. . . . The successes TWO can claim against the slumlords were made possible largely by amendments to Illinois state law . . . secured by the university's South East Chicago Commission and Mayor Daley's sinister henchmen. . . .

Martin Mayer

Last resort

New York City

Dear Sirs: Senator Goldwater, asked if he would change his views on "extremism" is reported (*The New York Times*, July 21) to have said, "I'll never change them. . . . I intend to bring out a little more patriotism in this country." At the risk of being called "extremist" myself, I refer the Senator to Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous remark about those for whom "patriotism" is the last resort.

Taylor Adams

More on Quoddy

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: "Reviving Passamaquoddy" (*The Nation*, July 13) by William S. Ellis, is an excellent summary of the project's history and current status. I would add only one bit of news: the Interior Department is completing a new report . . . to be released in the very near future. Indications are that modifications of last year's favorable report will show Quoddy is more feasible than ever.

Marvin Zeldin
Electric Consumers Information Committee

Correction

An error in the editing of James Diamond's "Okinawa: Trigger in the Pacific" (*The Nation*, June 1) changed his reference to the Japan-U.S. Mutual Security Treaty to the Sino-American Treaty.

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Farewell the Plumed Troop . . .

THE WAR DISPATCHES OF STEPHEN CRANE. Edited by R. W. Stallman and E. R. Hagemann. New York University Press. 343 pp. $7.50.

Arno Karlen

The Red Badge of Courage appeared in 1894. It was the first great Naturalist novel by an American, and revolutionary both in its style and its attitude toward war. Harold Frederick was one of the many who felt that ". . . it impels the feeling that the actual truth about a battle has never been guessed before." It cut through the patriotic rhetoric and hussar-regiment romance that was popular then. Jingo patriots and Civil War veterans attacked it as inaccurate, un-American; they also pointed out that the author was twenty-three years old and had never seen the Civil War or any battle at all, for that matter. The readers of F. Marion Crawford and Richard Harding Davis felt that they had been poked in the eye, and they reacted with the gut anger that is provoked today by an honest book on race or sex. Reviewers wrote parodies of Crane's short sentences and color adjectives. Those who saw the enemy in Crane's style and views were right; they *were* being attacked. His Naturalist "objectivity" was a mask for his outrage at social injustice; he took bitter relish in deflation and debunking. *The Red Badge* and Crane's reporting and short stories brought heroic nineteenth-century man down to quivering twentieth-century size. Amy Lowell, Pound and Hemingway were to look back to him as their ancestor in spirit and technique, and today we read the Crane of *Red Badge* as our early contemporary, rather than as a master of a past period.

In 1897, Crane had a chance to match imaginings against experience. He had just gone to England with Cora Taylor, his common-law wife and the former proprietress of what is variously called a club, hotel or whorehouse in Jacksonville, Florida. (The place was named the Hotel de Dream.) Greece and Turkey went to war, and Crane and Cora got jobs as correspondents for the New York *Journal*. Crane wrote to his brother in America, "I am going to Greece for the *Journal* and if the *Red Badge* is not all right I shall sell out my claim on literature and take up orange growing."

Crane sailed for Greece in March, landed in April, attached himself to the Greek army and traveled until late May, writing dispatches about battles, evacuations, hospitals, soldiers, civilians, deserted towns, stray pups — whatever met his eyes. Many of the dispatches, reprinted in this book for the first time, hardly bear reading today—they are flat, rushed, monotonous, with just enough flurries of beautiful language or shrewd observation to tantalize you into going on. A few are consistently good, Crane at nearly his best. But one great virtue shines through them all: the reporter is not pretending to be a recording device, an expert, or a chronicler who somehow stands above the limits of his unique vision. Frankly giving his reactions and opinions to what he sees, Crane muses over the body of a Greek volunteer, aches for old refugees, criticizes the Greek king, talks to soldiers. Here is the freshness of a lone intelligence — cool, ironic, yet capable of great anger and great compassion— cutting through the fog of "objectivity" that turns a human event into a current event. Another correspondent tells in a dispatch that he spoke to Crane in Greece and asked:

"Crane, what impresses you most in this affair?"

The author of The Red Badge of Courage *lighted another cigarette, pushed back his long hair out of his eyes with his hat, and answered quietly:*

"Between two great armies battling against each other the interesting thing is the mental attitude of the men."

After the dispatches written on the spot, the volume reprints a series of sketches written in Athens just after the end of the war. They are much better than the dispatches, for Crane now had time to detail and order his experiences. Then comes the story "Death and the Child," which draws on his experience in the Greek war, a savagely ironic tale with a Zolaesque insistence that the grimmest truths are truest. Like *The Red Badge*, it tells of an innocent disovering, through his exposure to violence, that the world is worse than hostile, it is indifferent.

When Crane returned to England, he said to Conrad, "My picture of war was all right! I have found it as I imagined it."

A year later, the Spanish-American War began. Drawn again by violence and death, Crane sailed to New York and volunteered for the navy; he was turned down, but got taken on by the New York *World*. He covered Cuba for them, and then the Puerto Rican campaign for Hearst's *Journal*. He returned to England nine months after he had left, irreparably spent by campaigns, fever and the consumption of which he would die in less than a year and a half, at the age of 29.

The early dispatches from Cuba are unevenly interesting. Then Crane turned out several that still stand as first-rate literary works. He described the U.S. Marines in action, insurgents in Cuba and Puerto Rico, the taking of San Juan Hill, the people and politics of Havana, Spanish and American soldiers, officers and officials. Included after the dispatches are two stories based on his Cuban experiences, "The Price of the Harness" and "The Sergeant's Private Madhouse," and sections from his *War Memories* which, like the sketches on the Greek war, written in retrospect, rise above most of the hurried journalism on which they draw.

Crane had proudly proclaimed himself a Naturalist from the age of 18 on, yet his statements implicitly condemn his own style in much of the work presented in this volume— as elsewhere in his writings. Whether at its best, or inferior, Crane's style was a contradiction of Naturalism. Literary Naturalism functioned as an ideology rather than an aesthetic, and the grim social view expressed in *Red Badge of Courage* was typical. But Crane's tragic pessimism is informed by an idiosyncratic poetry which at its best both documents the squalor of war and makes it heraldic. He was rarely able to pass up the chance to use a superlative, and the suppleness of his writing is often marred by a self-conscious phrasing or forced poetic effect. When good, he had a brilliant, unorthodox ear for metaphor and far-flung analogies which he released in shotgun blasts. Like most Naturalists, Crane had inherited more than he knew from the Romantic forebears he

Arno Karlen has written criticism, translated from French, and published a book of fiction: White Apples (*Lippincott*).

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scorned. Not only did he use their pompous diction and *grand guignol* effects, he believed with them that "sincerity" is the ultimate literary virtue, and that in the most literal sense truth is beauty, beauty truth. Translated into Naturalistic doctrine, this meant that neutral observation produces the most beautiful literature.

Crane saw no contradiction between his fancy style and his ideology. The Naturalist dictum was: write of violence, of the poor, of all the things which the bourgeois Romantics do not acknowledge or talk about. They did this, but they had no program of literary techniques. The result was that geniuses like Crane and Joyce, who began by calling themselves Naturalists or Realists, wrote in a way which they should have criticized in their own words as "naughty superfluities of style." They developed unique poetic voices to fill the aesthetic void.

There was another contradiction: despite his Naturalist principles, Crane gives little feeling for society in his fiction except as a backdrop for the dooms of isolated men. His best reporting concentrates on single acts of heroism and cowardice, and the confused senses of bewildered individuals in crisis. His is a world of victims, and his work usually presents a man with a pointless death or humiliation about to drown him, standing terrified before the awful stoniness of time and space without end. The identifying obsession of his writing is the human suffering that remains irrelevant to the universe, where man is forlorn in a desert of otherness. It was from him that Hemingway learned to convey this horror by juxtaposing human pain and the furniture of the world. In "Death and the Child" he wrote:

> *Terror had operated on these runaway people in its sinister fashion — elevating details to enormous heights, causing a man to remember a button while he forgot a coat, overpowering everyone with recollections of a broken coffee cup, deluging them with fears for the safety of an old pipe, and causing them to forget their first-born.*

This is the dizzying confrontation Crane sought in war, having imagined it over and over in his fiction. In his dispatches he often likens people to pebbles and ants. It is the furious realization that men may be just that, in cosmic terms, which lies behind his Naturalist beliefs, behind his bitter insistence on confusion, defeat and death, and behind his amused, ironic descriptions of battleships and battalions as they wheel importantly about just before disaster. This ferocious belittlement doesn't say that man is a gobbet of weak and predictable flesh: it says he is *only* that. But like Conrad, he sees one virtue in this barren, doomed, pitifully comic world: that some men will commit acts of bravery and sacrifice anyway, and that they can warm their hands for a moment at each others humanity before whirling off to destruction.

During his early twenties, Crane tended to be brilliant but shrill in his fiction and poetry; in fact, they could have been written by one man and his reporting by another. In general, the former were the work of an erratic virtuoso who badly needed blue-penciling of forced poetic effects; the latter was strictly self-disciplined but lacking in finish and glitter. (To be absolutely accurate, Crane's fiction lay uneasily between the two extremes, as if he could not decide which way to lean.) Toward the end of his life, Crane was more and more able to reconcile style and ideology, the poet and the reporter in himself. His poetry came to the service of the narrative, and his narrative, both in fiction and nonfiction, gained in beauty, depth and control. The two writers were beginning to come truly to peace about the time he wrote the war dispatches which are therefore especially interesting in the light of Crane's entire work.

The editors have to some extent suggested this by their inclusion of "The Price of the Harness" and "Death and the Child," but they did not closely examine the relationship between reporting and fiction, observation and imagination, Naturalist theory and practice; so they failed to give greater significance to the reprinting of the dispatches. And if they were going to include well-known and widely reprinted stories, why not also "The Open Boat" and "The Men in the Storm" and the journalism on which they were based?

But then the entire principle of selection in this book is obscure. It does not contain all of Crane's unreprinted dispatches and writings about the wars. Some, the editors say, are dull and have been omitted: on the other hand, some that were reprinted are very dull indeed. Yet with whole pieces omitted, footnotes stretch down the bottoms of some pages giving manuscript variants to the texts. Pieces by other journalists are included, but they are sometimes barely relevant to Crane's work. Again, there are detailed notes on some aspects of the wars, but this is no thorough historical reference work on the wars or the reporting on them; why, then, are there footnotes that give in killing detail the tonnage and firepower of ships mentioned passingly in dispatches? So many of the footnotes are so pointless and irrelevant to either history or literature that their presence is first puzzling, then annoying. Other notes, evaluating and commenting on Crane, are often fuzzy and inadequate.

The editors have produced a book that slows down the general reader and scamps the literary questions it raises. It is also useless as a literary source book, as literary history, or as military history. The most uncharitable inference is that the editors and publishers packed the book with extra material, cheap reprints and pretentious but useless notes to make it fat, expensive and seemingly authoritative. The most charitable is that their planning was without intelligence or taste. But Mr. Stallman has already become known as an authority on Crane because of what seems to me embarrassingly wrong-headed criticism. Still, the reader who plows through this opaqueness will be rewarded by a hundred new pages of Crane at his best, a precious addition now available for the first time.

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Bolts of Light

THE QUARRY: New Poems. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 114 pp. $4.75.

Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

Richard Eberhart is one of our veteran poets, though reading through his new work it seems hard to believe this because he retains so easily his youthful vigor, restless energy, an urgency to speak, impatient with the refinements of his craft, and a vulnerability to the immediacies of experience, whether that experience is a moment of interior revelation, the mind's own dream and memory, or the intrusion of some external circumstance upon the imagination. He has always given us poems which derive from both kinds of perceiving, and the present book, which follows the recent publication of his *Collected Poems* and his *Collected Verse Plays*, does not contradict that practice.

At the center of Eberhart's poetic interests there is an abiding fascination with the range and power of the mind as an instrument of knowledge and of spiritual research. This fascination manifests itself again and again in these new poems; sometimes it appears in a terse, oracular fashion:

The wise man throws bolts of light about the world
From divinations given him in secret sendings.

At other times it is drawn out in longer reflective poems. The book begins with just such a lengthy poem, "The Kite," which treats in a manner partly descriptive, partly speculative, the poet's experiences in flying an extremely intricate kite along the New England sea coast. As the poem progresses through its several sections, a continual shifting of emphasis occurs, from straightforward descriptive writing about the kite, how it operates, and the various attempts — successful and unsuccessful — to launch it, to the larger, more personal and philosophical significance which it and its performance hold for Eberhart. In the second section, entitled "Theory," he explains the symbolic as well as the literal importance he attaches to this sport:

To be a flier of kites is not the least of my desires!
In this you see the symbol of your relation to the universe;
The wind, unseen, is God upon which all is dependent,
Sometimes absent, sometimes present, always possible,
In time. The sail, whether in guise of cerulean
Blue make, undistinguishable at a distance from the sky,
Or almost so, as you are from nothingness, in time,
Or almost so, is soul or spirit, yours,
Which you release to flight, which seems to be free. . . .

Such allegorizing and metaphysical conjecture is, of course, recognizable as a trademark of Eberhart's work; whether we like it or not this philosophical endeavor enters naturally into his rendering of experience. Some of his poems are weakened by this inclination when he allows it to dominate, but that is not the case with "The Kite," where vividness, enthusiasm, flashes of humor and accuracy of detail more than balance the abstract portions.

Eberhart frequently touches on his metaphysical concerns in the course of this collection and returns to them unhampered by any external considerations toward the end, particularly in "The World Situation," "Meditation One" and "Meditation Two." The last finds him exploring the question of style and proceeding from that to reaffirm a view of art and human experience which resembles those he has declared elsewhere. Eberhart believes the poet should be a "relativist," one who gives voice to the truth of momentary perception or vision as it happens, but who may contradict himself from poem to poem by thus being faithful to each intuition. Yet for him the contradiction does not matter since we cannot know an absolute truth but only the insights we are granted and should put down in poems. He comes close here to Yeats's well-known remark, made shortly before his death, "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it." The poem, or the work of art, can for an instant resolve the opposing forces in our ordinary living experience, Eberhart says in "Meditation Two," and the dualism that torments us is transcended by the activity of mind, the creative urge of imagination:

I sing the harmony of the instant of knowing
When all things dual become a unity,
The power of the mind to envisage singleness,
The purpose of the hand to shape lovingness.

By way of contrast with these rather abstract poems Eberhart offers a number of shorter lyrics and several dramatic monologues, including in this last category, "The Lament of a New England Mother," "A Maine Roustabout" and "A New England Bachelor"; another poem, "Ruby Daggett," a portrait of a venerable New England lady, is very near in spirit and conception to the monologues. But the kind of poem at which Eberhart excels is in my opinion the shorter lyric, song or contemplative piece; "The Groundhog," "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment" and "The Horse Chestnut Tree" are good examples of his past achievements in this area. In these and other poems of the type, he manages to combine metaphysical, visionary or moral attitudes in striking images and a compelling music of language, all the while maintaining a highly personal point of view. Some of the recent poems gathered in *The Quarry* stand up well alongside the earlier successes. "Sea Burial from the Cruiser *Reve*" rises to a level of great, though quiet, elegiac dignity. The dispersal of ashes of the dead in ritual gestures and the invocation of the four elements waken deep and spontaneous religious emotions. Economy, control, the spare yet perfect use of imagery make this one of Eberhart's enduring poems:

She is now water and air,
Who was earth and fire.

Reve *we throttled down*
Between Blake's Point and Western Isle,

Then, oh, then, at the last hour.
The first hour of her new inheritance,

We strewed her ashes over the waters,
We gave her the bright sinking

Of unimaginable aftermaths,
We followed her dispersed spirit

As children with a careless flick of wrist
Cast on the surface of the sea

New-cut flowers. Deeper down,
In the heavy blue of the water,

Slowly the white mass of her reduced bones
Waved, as a flag, from the enclosing depths.

She is now water and air,

Ralph J. Mills, Jr., is an assistant professor at the University of Chicago. His study of Theodore Roethke was published by the University of Minnesota Press last December.

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Who was earth and fire.

This elegy is not alone among the fine pieces in the book; I should like to mention several others: "Sea-Ruck," "La Crosse at Ninety Miles an Hour," "Loss," "Nexus," "Examination of Psyche: Thoughts of Home," "Flux," "Hardening into Print," "Moment of Equilibrium" and "Looking at the Stars." In each of them one discovers the individual perception and the fulfillment of technique which have made Eberhart the substantial poet he is.

The Franglais Film

Barbara Probst Solomon

Despite occasional successes, the French cinema is in trouble today. Many of the postwar directors have claimed that the prewar cinema suffered from provinciality; indeed, the war against provincialism remains the leitmotiv of all current French thought. The key words now are, of course, alienation, universality and newness of form. But how much of this is a true war against provincialism, and how much of this preoccupation with universality and form is a rationalization for the French inability to come to grips with life as it has really existed in France since the war? New concepts are, after all, only viable when they are used as a means to create a fresh vision of reality, and here I feel that the ideas of the French are not meshing with the films they are actually making.

In the period following the Second World War the French cinema floundered. The German occupation, the heavy burden of genius from a previous epoch, had a stultifying effect. Most importantly, the French suffered an inability to use their own experience cinematically — as the Italians did. None of the chaos, the suffering or dehumanization of that war could be suggested through the French landscape; to have shown France through the camera would have meant pointing out that France, more than other European countries, had preserved its prewar look, a beauty retained at the expense of an inner decay. (I do not mean to suggest that there was neither French resistance nor any physical destruction. I am speaking of how the French felt about themselves as a nation.) It was the only major power to have been occupied by the Germans. The war dealt France a psychic blow, for it was a war lost without ever being fought. Her defeat came from an internal sickness, the moral decay prophesied in Renoir's *Rules of the Game.*

France was bereft of either hero or anti-hero—and in this climate the intellectualization of "universal themes" flourished. Certainly it is striking that since 1945 there have been so few French films on the Second World War. The French director most preoccupied with war, Resnais, found it necessary to leave France to record its horrors. *Night and Fog,* which is first rate, is a documentary of the German concentration camps, and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* takes place in Japan. Yet *Hiroshima* is not a universal anti-war film either. It is a French film, on the French experience with war, the French feelings of guilt. A thousand years have been spanned in France between the era when the captain in *Grand Illusion* proudly remarks that he says *vous* even to his mother, and the moment when the woman in *Hiroshima* cries "humiliate me, humiliate me."

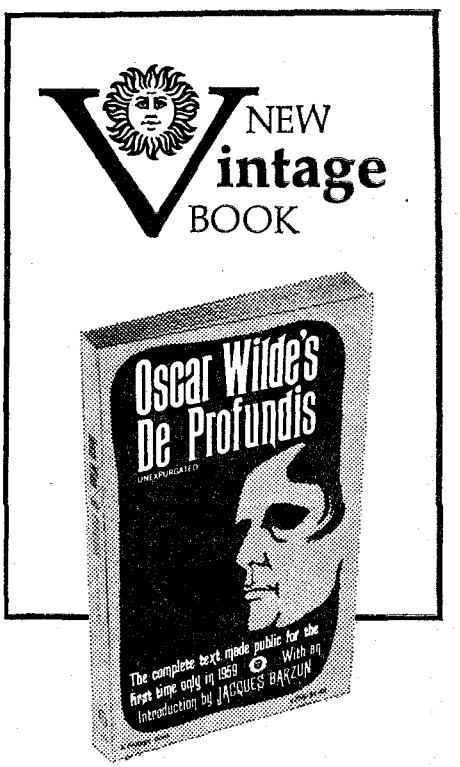
The lady of Nevers is France's first Southern Faulknerian heroine. Endlessly she tries to find a way out of her history until shame, defeat and confusion explode into nervous passion. The moment she meshes Hiroshima's fate (physical destruction) with France's fate (moral annihilation and non-physical destruction), she becomes released. Once France is an imaginary wasteland, filled with carnage, it absolves itself of the torture of having submitted to the aggressor in order to insure just the opposite. By further involution, since the same country which was guilty of the senseless destruction of Hiroshima had been instrumental in France's liberation-defeat, it can, by fusing two contradictory situations, vent its anger at a country which was casual witness to France's own powerlessness.

The Japanese is many men. He is the missing Frenchman she is both arguing and trying to reunite herself with. He is also of Indo-China and Algeria, the two countries which paid the price of France's loss of military pride. In those long senseless wars France became the aggressor, and this time, by its own brutality, was again morally defeated. These three experiences—with Germany, Indo-China and Algeria—are the reason why France can have no male heroes, and make no films of soldiers at war; this is the core of its tragedy. Hiroshima is a universal experience, but *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* is French. It happened at Nevers; it is why the French do not photograph Nevers.

Indeed, in viewing the films of the past twenty years, one would hardly be aware that after World War II France was continuously at war until the end of the Algerian crisis. Censorship, the fact that much of the national experience was happening *outside* and could not be reflected cinematically within the country, also helped cause this blank. It is only in the past few years, usually in the form of amnesia, that these wars have been touched upon in films.

While the French have remained somewhat disjointed in using their own country as an integral part of the film, the best directors in other countries were able to break away from

Barbara Probst Solomon is a writer and critic; her new novel will be published by Random House early next year.



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the artificiality of Hollywood by using their proper landscape as part of their themes. The harsh bleakness of Sweden, the grimness of Poland, the industrialization of Italy, are part of the truth for Bergman, Wadja, Antonioni. In *8½*, when Serafina, the fat lady, dances on the beach for the small boy, trapped by a Jesuitical background, that boy (the Fellini of *La Strada, Vitelloni*) is never lost. Even as a grown man living in the midst of the fashionable international world, he asks—aware that he isn't "everyman"—what became of that boy, of that village? Whatever their style or point of view, none of the Italian directors have abandoned Italy.

Since the war the French have deserted the local. Though some of the films made abroad are good—*The Wages of Fear, The Proud and the Beautiful* and *Black Orpheus*—there is often a sticky quality of Foreign Legion, of France *outre-mer* that clings to them. In leaving France they followed the Hollywood principle of using exotic backgrounds, of exploiting native milieu for color. Thus, while the "local" film was no longer considered to be artistically valid, the French have often committed the sin against which they preach. They traded what they considered local provincialism for foreign exoticism, which is, as Hollywood knows, a brilliant way of avoiding self-examination. (The noncommercial cinema *verité* directors are, of course, a notable exception to all this.)

The young French film-makers have wistfully looked toward Hollywood in another way, claiming our Jimmy Deans and Humphrey Bogarts for their own. While France initially remained visually more static than other countries—not having needed extensive rebuilding, its cities and countryside changed less dramatically than, for example, Italy—the younger generation, aware that restlessness was in the air, wished to capture something which was not yet largely visible within France itself. True, France was undergoing a tremendous technological shift—but what the young directors wished to capture was the *outrageous* quality of modern life within the confines of what remained to be realistic movies. They imposed on the French experience the American mood of restlessness, continuous motion and disaffiliation with any previous society. But since France continued to be a country where narrowness and lack of violent change predominated, a country exasperated with its physical smallness, stifling more from overcommunication rather than solitude and lack of communication, the films made on this theme generally radiated a certain superficiality and falseness of the borrowed. There is a wrong note struck in the drunken orgies of the supposedly wild young people in such films as *Les Cousins*. Our own style of raw, loose and sentimental casualness—even our style of getting drunk—can never be the felt experience of the French; the original inner static is too different.

Only in Brigitte Bardot did the hedonism genuinely work. But Bardot is a local girl, and her great-grandmama is the *midinette* off on a holiday. Never a no-creature, she always retains a sullen individuality, a completeness of self and satisfaction with that self which are the antithesis of lostness. Though she may wear blue jeans, she is never taken over by foreign styles of *being*. During a transitional period when the French were caught between the dichotomy of an undefined present and the glorious past, she defined a creature who was traditional and familiar, while triumphing over change; this quickly made her a popular symbol of the new.

What of the male hero? Weak or strong, he still remained nonexistent. While Antonioni grimly looked at modern industrialization and put it in its proper place as a dehumanizing force, the French, unable to focus on themselves, decided on a love affair with the American gangster. He is the new male film hero. *Breathless* worked precisely because it was a spoof on this love affair. Here is the young French intellectual—a criminal type he was not—making like Humphrey Bogart. With his marvelously vacuous American girl friend, he speeds this way and that in the frenetic American way. While his girl friend, after ratting on him, aimlessly ponders whether or not she loves him, he, after taking a swig of milk, goes to his death. Hunted down by the police, he hesitates, and thus dies the great American sentimental gangster death. He is Humphrey Bogart's first victim. The girl is the thing, though. It is the amorality of her blankness, the high, thin terror of her destructive amiability which Godard, with Gallic clarity, coldly nails down as the American threat. Precisely because Godard knows what he is about, because he remains un-American in his approach, the film succeeds.

Shoot the Piano Player, taken from an American novel, was another marvelous take-off on American films. In it, Truffaut managed a first-rate metamorphosis to the French scene. But the American hero-gangster was essentially a product of our culture. Coming out of an immigrant society, the depression, prohibition and our own violence, he was able to be seen as a hero because of his roots in slum existence and deprivation. To make a gangster-hero film in any terms excepting spoof or "inside joke," there must always be a fundamental anger at the society which bred the hero. This true, indigenous anger existed in France's prewar films: the worker hunted down in *Le Jour Se Léve;* the soldier, a victim of corruption, in *Quai des Brumes*. The new young gangster of the left bank is not authentic.

One of the few films to have attacked contemporary French life as a subject is Truffaut's *Four Hundred Blows*. Through the delinquent boy's eyes we get a glimpse of some true problems of modern France: the working mother, the too-small apartment, parental indifference, hypocrisy, a rigid school system, an antiquated police system. This delinquent is no Marlon Brando in a black leather jacket, zooming off with the gang, for French youth is still very different from American youth—and Truffaut makes no attempt to impose American violence and looseness onto the French scene. The model for *The Four Hundred Blows* is Jean Vigo's *Zero de Conduite* and Truffaut is closer to Vigo, both in attitude and techniques, than any of the other recent crop of directors. In fact, to see once more Vigo's *Zero de Conduite* is to be reminded of how superficial most of the current French films are; of how superbly Vigo, in *L'Atlante*, dealt with a real France while also doing technically just about everything that today is called new.

In Louis Malle's *The Fire Within*—one of the more recent new French films in the United States—it is the American Way of Life which triumphs. After the gangster-hero, we have the boy-male hero, the eternal juvenile in love with himself and *nostalgic for himself*. Like all good Americans he has an ideal of complete happiness. When this fails he commits suicide. He is a mishmash of all modern neuroses, from alcoholism to alienation, plus a touch of Sartre (do you believe in the value of your acts?) and of Salinger *cum* Scott Fitzgerald

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(oh, what an innocent high jinker I was!). The fakery of the film is appalling, the scenes where our hero visits his friends—presumably lolling about in a decayed château taking drugs—is a *charade* of desperation. And yet the camera does not lie. What one really sees, though this is not the film's intent, is that beneath the preoccupation with fashionable and borrowed ideas, French life remains, at all levels, still solidly bourgeois, firmly rooted in tradition, mannered and decidedly unbeat. It appears to be static and, indeed, very provincial. The French directors remain without a theme apart from experimentation with form. Their preoccupation with American films stems from a belief that our present is the acting out of their future. By superimposing our history and heroes on their own, by overintellectualizing, by avoiding the steady gaze upon France in the name of being anti-provincial, they have fallen into a worse trap: artificiality, and a borrowed one at that. A French professor recently complained that his language was becoming Franglais. When a country ceases to feel and record its own experience, the death of language is one of the prices paid. It is in this void that the Franglais film has been made.

THEATRE

THE TYRONE GUTHRIE THEATRE

Minneapolis

The Tyrone Guthrie is a laugh theatre. Though certainly versatile, Guthrie's directorial forte is comedy—swinging, vaulting, saltatory. It can be lusty though asexual. It is understanding but not "psychological." It is intelligent rather than profound. It has a healthy, open-air quality. It is fearless because it is without malice.

Something of this rubs off on productions in the present season's program which are not directed by Guthrie himself. This may be due not simply to the infectiousness of Guthrie's influence but to the general youthfulness of the company, which is eager, earnest, unaffected, capable and emotionally callow.

Another element which contributes to the lightheartedness and lightheadedness of this theatre's tone is its audience. It is receptive, full of good will, unspoiled, theatrically unsophisticated. It seeks entertainment and is ready to be impressed by culture. Finding culture in the theatre's plays it is gratified, but one feels that above all it supposes that its theatre's mission, through its leading director, is to make it laugh. There is nothing particularly wrong in this, but I wonder whether in the end the audience may not come to the conclusion that, since serious drama is neither forbidding nor heavy, it is synonymous with just plain fun—a bright kid's view of art.

There is a festival air about the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre which may ultimately serve to give it a resort atmosphere. What is missing is the feeling that the theatre may also be a place of challenge, of virile engagement in matters which concern us most directly.

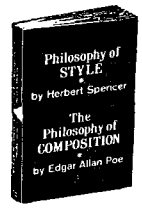
Ben Jonson's *Volpone* provides the best of the four productions. This savage comedy is a masterpiece of robustious writing; if it did not possess so great an intellectual scope, if it were not so full-blooded and biting, it would be gross. It is a veritable onslaught of vehement action, torrential verbiage and truculent laughter. Jonson's target is not merely avarice or the pursuit of gain but man's inability to resist their effects. "All the wise world is little else in nature, but parasites or sub-parasites." No wonder Joan Littlewood has called *Volpone* the greatest dramatic indictment of capitalism.

Guthrie's playfulness makes Jonson appear more good-natured than he is, but I yielded completely to the sweep of the director's pace and comic inventiveness. In its own special terms, Guthrie's production is a brilliant translation of the text into stage business. He is at the top of his form, incessant in physical riot and rip-roaring tricks of sight and sound. Guthrie will sacrifice verbal intelligibility to the essential scenic meaning of each episode, and it is surprising that we understand so much of the language. Indeed it must be said that speed, along with laughs, is another fetish of the Guthrie Theatre. In this production the company has made a considerable advance in its capacity to combine rapidity of movement with clarity of speech.

On leaving *Volpone*, I was chiefly aware of Guthrie's triumph. Actors are his tools. Still, actors may learn as much from him in dash and courage as they may possibly suffer in some other respects. Guthrie usually neglects or disregards those elements of acting which do not relate to colorfulness, theatrical zest and virtuosity. That is why his productions tend, for all their graphic muscularity and fleet power, to strike us sometimes as humanly meager.

Besides the direction in *Volpone*, one remembers with satisfaction Tanya Moiseiwitch's artful arrangements of the stage and splendid costumes, as well as the arresting makeups she has designed for the well-played characters of Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino (Ken Ruta, Robert Pastene, Claude Woolman). Douglas Campbell as Volpone is wholly the director's willing and affable instrument; George Grizzard brings to Mosca his gift for honeyed mockery. In Guthrie's treatment both are less vividly sinister than they might be.

Henry V loses much in not having a heroically inspiring king and, though Guthrie has staged the battle scene ("Once more unto the breach. . . .") with exciting naïveté,



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the production seems diffuse. (The diction, inferior to that in the Jonson play, may have deteriorated because of the strain of two performances of *Volpone* on the previous day.) The Fluellen of Ed Flanders is excellent. Characteristic of Guthrie's amusing, but occasionally distracting, detail is the opening scene in which the Archbishop, magnificently robed, scratches his backside while speaking of state matters. The audience smiles, but does not listen to what is being said.

Inattention may not matter much in this instance, for *Henry* V is part jingo pageant and part salty skepticism about the cause and nature of war—a mixture difficult to unify into a coherent statement. Shakespeare, who saw many sides to every question, sometimes strikes one as being both time-server and heretic. *Henry* V is less adept at this game than some of the other Shakespearean "histories"—perhaps because the characters of Bardolph, Nym and Pistol are not as pointedly funny as they should be, nor as well integrated into the play.

Shaw's *Saint Joan* is the Minneapolis box-office smash. It is probably much less familiar to audiences in the Midwest than it is to us. Besides, is it not the story of a little girl—a sort of girl scout!—who made good? There is something disarmingly candid in Shaw—a trait often overlooked in discussions of his work—and the production, directed by Douglas Campbell, highlights the play's fairy-tale aspect. The audience responds wonderfully. How it laughs in contentment when Joan, the brave little yokel, worsts all the famous fatheads and frauds around her. I enjoyed the audience's delight at the play more than I did the interpretation on the stage.

Joan is an innocent (Ellen Geer, who has a winning American wholesomeness and pluck, inescapably conveys that quality), but she is also a *saint*, that is, a power. More than that, she is overpowering. She has to be stopped, done away with, because like all fanatically persistent moralists, she is a pest, a threat, unbearable to the ordinary. Joan fulfills her function: her driving will sweeps away the resistance of the staid, she pierces the dead weight of cautious common sense like a steel arrow. Hence, though she wins in history, she must lose in her person. She herself recognizes this, but cannot and does not wish to curb her force and fail her fate. Though Shaw is unable to achieve tragedy, his play has a tragic dimension.

There is hardly anything of this in the Minneapolis production; we get only smiles, benevolence and sentiment. The company, the direction, the audience make this inevitable.

But how did Alan Schneider, who directed *The Glass Menagerie*, succumb to the spell of the Guthrie Theatre? The play, a delicate fragment, a sensitive rumination, has taken on a brash note of guying comedy in which a meddling mother crushes her daughter while her son finds relief in movies and outbursts of contempt. "Momism" must be something more than an American myth because the audience seems to echo the filial defiance happily. Once again it has a grand time—laughing.

Perhaps Schneider felt obliged to do something new with Tennessee Williams' script. Laurette Taylor made Amanda a poignantly pathetic figure in which our laughter had no trace of scorn, only compassion. But it was more than Taylor herself which endowed the original production with glamour. The setting, the music, the sound of the several voices, the woundedness of Anthony Ross's Gentleman Caller, all contributed to the play's lyricism, a lyricism which mitigated and ennobled the writer's bitter recollection of his youth. The decision, if it was a decision, to make the play more forthright and funnier was a grievously mistaken one. If the choice of interpretation was guided by a fear that the open stage and the largish theatre might dissipate the efficacy of a "twilight" treatment of the play, it shows a lack of confidence either in the play or in the company.

Whatever the cause, *The Glass Menagerie* has become a comedy of small-town family bickering rather than an elegy of reconciliation with a painful past. In such a case one must absolve the actors of all blame. But to speak of "blame" may be inappropriate because here, too, the audience seemed wholly satisfied.

Despite my disapproval of the handling of the play, I was glad to see it because it offered me an opportunity to cast a retrospective glance at Williams' career. It has become a widespread critical habit to express regret that Williams abandoned the gentle key of this play for the harshness of most of his later writing. Seeing *The Glass Menagerie* again, I became more than ever convinced that *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Night of the Iguana* and several other of Williams' plays possess greater dramatic impact and weight than does *The Glass Menagerie* which, for all its melancholy charm, is a slight work to which the finest American actress of our time lent unforgettable fragrance and glow.

It takes time to develop an important theatre. The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre has already rendered its community a signal service. My strictures, more rigorous this year than last, are a recognition of the importance of the venture.

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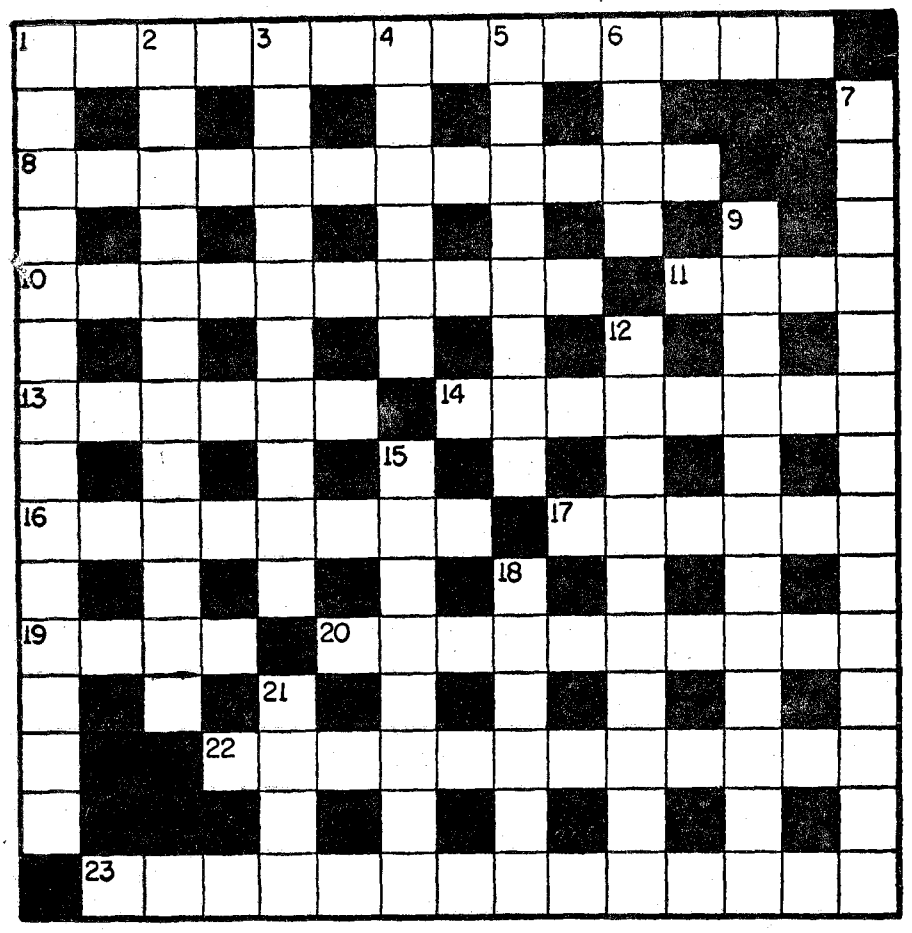
Crossword Puzzle No. 1068

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Evidently its possessors don't look well in black. (5, 9)
8 The stock of long-distance runners? There might be a sulky following in it. (8, 4)
10 Pulled in about the test, and made a second inspection. (10)
11 Check turned up when short. (4)
13 Long John Silver was one. (6)
14 Certainly not the right facet when you spin a quarter. (4, 4)
16 Quite the opposite of close in a rush, as the case may be. (8)
17 See 2 down
19 Acts like animals. (4)
20 An outburst of rain is come where the Carolines are. (10)
22 Fast time, dead as one concedes. (6, 6)
23 Certainly not like the best-laid plans. (14)

DOWN:

1 Do they represent crude crosses found in Utah? (7, 7)
2 and 17 Anserine? Anserine look, in the vernacular, but not the lines of old age. (6, 6, 6)
3 Do they imply heady discussions? (4-1-5)
4 Pulse-like, on an annual basis. (6)
5 The sort of title in Spain for one man is given to several altogether older people. (8)
6 8 might be won by it. (4)
7 The style of a stand-in met boldly. (6-8)
9 Are the indians of Peru of this and very bright? (12)
12 Personal acquirement. (10)
15 I'm ruled, I find, by violent emotion. (8)
18 One way of getting lifted up sounds highly regarded. (6)
21 Does it suggest that Cologne should be located on this river? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1067

ACROSS: 5 Sawyer; 10 Catalan; 11 and 1 across Hail and farewell; 12 Stoop; 13 Earphones; 14 Allow; 16 Thailand; 19 Tsarinas; 22 Nosed; 24 Hot-footed; 26 Lapse; 28 Syncope; 29 Leafage; 30 Neared; 31 Asbestos.
DOWN: 1 Fuchsias; 2 Ratio; 3 Willpower; 4 Lenient; 6 Amish; 7 Yearnings; 8 Radish; 9 Chorea; 15 Lusitania; 17 Lend-lease; 18 Idleness; 20 Netted; 21 Saddles; 23 Chosen; 25 Ozone; 27 Plant.

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